For Lordes, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſonne hath made a golden ſete,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow;
Where is Sir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Staulie quarterd, doeſt thou know.

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his coulers much,
Which well *I* am aſſur'd, *I* haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. If without perrill it be poſſible;
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needefull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe
Cateſbie, &c.

K*ng.* What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time.

K*ing.* I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What? is my beuer eaſier then it was?,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat, It is my Liege, and all thinges are in readines.

K*ing.* Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. *I* goe my Lord,

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a *Purſiuant* at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy Ratliffe.

Rat. My lord.

King. Sawſt thou the melancholie Lo. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army cheering vp the ſoldiors.

King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit. Ratliffe*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie ſet on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy perſon noble father in law,
Tel me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continuallie for Richmonds good,
So much for that the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earelie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortal ſtaring war,
I as I may, that which I would, *I* cannot,